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The Beginning

I made a revised version of the first chapter, you can find it on my profile!!!

Okay, so just so all of you know what to expect, this story involves self harm, depression, suicidal thoughts (maybe attempts as well), and anorexia. (25)

America's pov:

I walked to school. My family drove, but I always walked, I had to loose weight, so I walked the three miles it takes to get to hell- I mean school.

Now you may ask, "But, America, you have tons of friends, and you're loved, and you're happy at school! Why would you call it hell?" Well, I'll tell you. School is where I see all the people that I don't wanna see. Though some of them are fine, most of them scare me, and I'd rather stay away from them. It's where I have to pretend to be okay, and smile, and laugh, and cover my eyes, so people can't see the tears that randomly come out at times. Most of all, it's where I have to pretend I don't care what people think of me, what I think of me. I have to just walk away from people when their down, in order to keep a reputation. Did I mention I have to pretend I'm straight? I'm not, but I'm dating Japan, because again, reputation.

I have to bully people, so that I'm perceived as a popular guy. Like Russia for example, he's my main target. I like him a lot though, I wish he didn't hate me... But we have to hate each other, or my feelings would show, and I don't want that. I mostly annoy him. It's a daring move really, because he's seen as dangerous, and because of this, I'm the only one who messes with him. I all actuality I (with the exception of his siblings) am the only person who really talks to him at all...

As I neared the school I plastered on a happy face, and ran up to my

friends.

"Hey guys!" I exclaimed with a fake smile that honestly seemed real.

"Hey Mari!" Canada replied, and we all began to walk to the school building.

Japan ran up to me with a smile on her face.

"So, America-Senpai? Wouldn't it be nice if we could hang out after school... alone?" She asked.

I inwardly sighed, bout outwardly said, "Sure! That sounds great."

Once we had entered the school I waved my friends goodbye, and walked to my locker. I put in the combination, and opened it, not noticing someone leaning up against it as I did.

I grabbed my notebooks, and my folder I put all my homework in, and then shoved everything else, including my backpack, into the small, narrow space. Then someone spoke up.

"Hey, America-Senpai." It was Japan.

"Hi," I replied.

"Wanna walk me to Science class?" She asked, and I nodded.

We walked together, and while I didn't really want to talk much, I did.

As I talked to her I silently waved to random people I knew. She would laugh at my jokes, and reply to my questions. Though I already knew the answer to all of them, I knew she liked to be questioned (for some strange reason, I have no idea).

"Oh, America-Senpai, I heard about this huge party that's happening on Friday. You wanna come?" She asked.

I inwardly gulped, I hated parties,but as far as she knew I loved them. So instead of saying "no" I said, "Sure! That's a great idea!"

She smiled to me, and I smiled back.

Once we had made it to Science class we sat in our seats. She sat with her personal friends, and I sat next to an empty chair. It hadn't occurred to me that Russia was the only one not there yet, and that empty seat next to me was the only one left.

The lesson started, and the teacher began lecturing.

Then the door slammed open.

"Sorry I'm late," A thick Russian accent said.

"I already marked you absent, but I'll edit it to make you tardy instead, now sit down," The teacher replied.

"Yes sir."

He sat down next to me, which I tried to ignore.

The teacher began teaching again.

I sighed and tuned out the lesson, it was probably a continuation of what we did yesterday, which was easy, and I didn't need another explanation of it. I starred out the window, and focused on a bird that happened to be outside.

"America!" That snapped me right out of my trance, "Could you explain to me what I was talking about in detail?"

"Nope!" I replied, and went back to looking out the window. I hear the teacher sigh, before going back to his lesson.

The bird had left at this point, and I didn't blame it. Who would want to just stand next the the gates of hell all day when you could be doing something much more productive.

I lied my head down on the desk, and grabbed one of my notebooks. I pulled it over to myself, and grabbed a pencil. I began to draw random doodles, and the the teacher yelled this, "America! I see you're drawing, wouldn't you like to show everyone what you've made?"

I looked down at my poorly done art, and then covered it, and snapped my head back up to him, shaking my head violently.

He laughed, but sparred me mercy, and looked away.

I internally sighed in relief. I shut my notebook so no one could see the horrible picture on it.

It was so bad I won't even describe what it was...

I sat through the class until he assigned the classwork, and passed it out- or more, had someone else pass it out.

It was simple work, so I finished it quickly.

Someone threw a paper ball at my desk. I opened it, and found a letter that said, "Sorry, can't hang out after school, gonna be with South Korea. -Japan" I smiled, because I'd be able to just go to my special place, and do random things like singing, and writing.

My special place is a small clearing in the forest near the school. It's really very nice, and it's a good place to vent and cry, because no one can see me. It's also nice, because I can bring my computer there, and it's close enough to the the school that it shares the student wifi so I can use that.

I waited out the class period, and as I walked out I gave the teacher my work. He looked surprised that I did anything.

I started walking to Maths class, and was found by Japan.

"Hey!" She greeted loudly.

"Hey..."

"Something wrong?"

"No, I just don't really wanna go to Maths..."

"Understandable..." She replied, and then added, "Well, I'll see you at lunch!"

"See you!" I yelled after her, and continued making my way to Maths class.

I walked into the classroom as I got there, and sat down in the corner.

The bell rang and as if on cue a flood of students entered the room, and so did the teacher. She began teaching and I spaced out.

-time skip to lunch-

I sat with my friends, and it occurred to me that none of them really know anything about me. I didn't eat. No. I only ate dinner, because I'm fat and any other meal would just make me fatter.

Japan sat next to me with her lunchbox full of sushi and pocky.

"Hey America-Senpai! Would you like some pocky?" She offered, and I nodded with a realistic smile on my face. Don't get me wrong I loved pocky. I just wished Japan and I weren't dating. I wished we were friends.

-time skip to gym-

I hatted gym class, so I decided I'd sit this one out on the locker room. I sat next to one of the showers and began to cry.

"Why do I have to be gay? why do I have to be so emotional? Why can't I just be a normal kid? Why does god hate me? Why is my dad homophobic? Why doesn't my dad believe in therapy? Why does my dad beat me every night? WHY!? WHY!? WHY!?" I said aloud, hitting myself with every question. Each punch to my head got harder and harder the louder I got.

Then someone walked into the room, and I tried to keep my sobbing to a minimum.

"America, I know you're in here, coach found out you skipped gym, and told me to get you!" Russia yelled.

"F-fuck off-f" I replied.

He stayed silent for a second, and then asked, "America? What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" I replied.

I heard footsteps echoing on the room. He was looking for me.

When he found me he sighed, and sat down next to me.

"You know you can talk to me. Just pretend I'm Japan, tell me everything."

"I-if I pretended y-you were Japan I'd *sniff* I wouldn't tell you a-a thing!" I sobbed out.

"Then who do you want me to be?"

"I told you, leave me alone, I'm fine!"

"What does fine mean?"

I sniffed and then let out a sigh and mumbled, "Feeling I'm Nothing to Everyone."

I buried my face in my knees, and he sighed.

"I'm staying," Is all he said.

"I hate myself Russia," I said and added, "and I'm gay, and I'm ugly, and I get beat everyday after my brothers go to sleep, and my dad thinks this is all a phase! He doesn't even believe in therapy! I just wish I could die and get rid of all these stupid emotions! Mom's dead, she was the only family member I had who I could trust to take care of me."

Russia sighed, and hugged me. I instantly pressed his face to Russia's chest, and sobbed.

"Y'know, I'm gay too, and I have homicidal tendencies and anger issues, so I kind of see where you're coming from. I know that we don't have the same problems, and I don't have a dad, so I can't really relate to the whole, 'my dad doesn't believe in therapy' thing,

but we both have mental problems. Maybe we could be broken together?" Russia rambled.

I looked up at him. "Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I know we haven't always seen eye to eye, but we both need someone who we can talk to, someone who will listen, and we could be that for each other... Right?" He replied.

"Friends?" I asked.

"Friends," He answered.

1671 words

Hey everyone! (aka. the 0 people reading this right now) I'm back, and I've got a new cringy story for you!

It's rusame. This was inspired by many fanfics, and a little by the one I was writing for tomtord.

Anyway! Love you all, home you're having a great day! <3

Special Place

Russia's pov:

I was very surprised to find America crying in the locker room. I mean, he's- no he acts like he's the happiest guy in the world. I can't believe I couldn't see past that rock star mystique... Well I've seen the real him now, and I suppose I'll have to keep a secret for a while.

America and I decided to skip the rest of our classes, and go to his "special place". I have no idea where that is, but he said he would show me. We were walking behind the school, and he lead me into a small clearing in the woods. It was neat, and messy at the same time, because he had obviously been here before, judging by the sketchbook, and many pencils that were there. It was neat though.

He seemed to realize something, he blushed, and ran over to the sketchbook, turning to a new page.

"What was that a picture of?" I asked.

"NOTHING!" He yelled with an evident blush coating his face.

I chuckled, and he only blushed more at that.

We sat down, and he pulled out his computer from his back pack.

"You have wifi here?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's close enough to the school that I can still get a signal," America replied with a small smile.

"That's good," I said awkwardly.

I mean, it's not like I'm used to America being all close to me or anything... He usually just acts like an asshole towards me. I can't really blame him, that's what everyone does. Still, it's weird to have

him siting next to me all quiet and shit. I've never seen him like this before, and I don't think anyone has.

I saw him pull up YouTube, and he searched up, "This Is Home-Cavetown".

"What's that?" I asked.

He looked to me and said, "A song, it's my favorite."

"Oh," I replied.

The song went on.

Often I am upset
That I cannot fall in love
But I guess,
Best avoids the stress of falling out of it.

Are you tired of me yet?
I'm a little sick right now, but I swear
When I'm ready I will fly us out of here.

I'll cut my hair.
To make you stare.
I'll hide my chest,
And I'll figure out a way to get us out of here.

Turn off your porcelain face,
I can't really think right now in this place
There's too many colors,
Enough to drive all of us insane

Are you dead?
Sometimes I think I'm dead.
'Cause I can feel a ghost,
And he's wrapping my head
But I don't wanna fall asleep just yet

My eyes went dark
I don't know where
My pupils are

But I'll figure out a way to get us out of here.

Get a load of this monster
He doesn't know how to communicate
His mind is in a different place
Will everybody please give him a little bit of space

Get a load of this train wreck
His hair's a mess,
And he doesn't know who he is yet
But little do we know the stars,
Welcome him with open arms

Time is
Slowly
Tracing his face
But strangely he feels at home in this place.

Then the song ended, and I smiled at him.

"Sorry, I just listen to that song every time I come here..." He said. and I almost died from how cute he looked saying that.

"No, no, it's fine!" I replied, and smiled to him.

"Thank you," He said.

"For what?"

"Not being an asshole, and being nice to me when I've been so mean to you, and for being my first friends who knows anything about me."

"Well, thanks for not running away every time I approach you. Sure you were never very nice to me, but you talked to me. No one else had the guts to do that."

We sat in a comfortable silence until he asked, "Wanna watch some 'Camp Camp'?"

"What's that?" I asked.

His eyes widened, and then he scrambled to type it into his computer, and click on the right thing. Once he was done I saw a boy in a blue hoodie, he was very short. He seemed like a kid to me.

"Is this a kids show?" I asked.

"Hell no, you'll see." He said, and clicked the play button.

It came apparent to me that that kid in the blue hoodie is the main character, Max is his name, along with Nikki, Neil, and David. Mostly Max though.

America was certainly right, the show was not in any way for little kids. We watched for a little while, and laughed at the times something funny happened. Soon we had binged the entire three seasons (which wasn't hard, because each episode was like eleven minutes long).

"I've never had this much fun before, and that's saying a lot, because in my special place I'm prone to having fun."

"You ever bring anyone here before?" I asked.

"No."

"America? Could I come here with you again some time?"

"Of course! You make this place ten times better. That's saying a lot, seeing as how great it already is!"

"Good."

797 words

oof. Sorry this was short...

I just wanted to get something out because it occurred to me that people are actually reading this, so I'll try to update more often.

I love you all, and I hope you're having an amazing day, night,

or whenever you're reading this! Love you!

VERY IMPORTANT A/N

Hey today I'm going to tell you all you're in a horrible fandom!

Before you skip I need you to know that I'm not trying to insult you. I'm trying to teach you about all of this shit so we can prevent it in the future! I really feel like it is possible to make this fandom more wholesome!

Let's start with what I find to be the most important thing that was listed in the video. This fandom is prone to sexualize countries. Now I think all fandoms should have the right to read/write/draw about what they want, but this fandom took it too far! I saw this, and tried to ignore it, but now I need people to know what you're actually doing! Here we have a fandom that makes Nazi Germany seem like someone you'd want to fuck?! No, that the USSR would want to fuck?! What the hell guys?! Nazi Germany, and the Soviet Union were horrible things that happened to our planet, and Stalin killed millions, so did Hitler! So why do you want to make these atrocities seem like humans that would fuck each other?! Because they both were bad? THAT MAKES NO FUCKING SENSE! I used to have a general rule about my judgement on shipping, "It's fine as long as their not real people". But now I'm changing my rule.

Also did it occur to you that maybe this is offensive to people? Like, most people in this fandom don't really give a shit about the actual Germany, their too busy thinking about fucking Nazi Germany to care about the Germany we have today. Also if you're reading this, and you now want to change, but you don't know how, I suggest that every time you think of Nazi and USSR being gay together just think of Hitler and Stalin being gay together.

Thank you, and I will still be writing this, but I'll never mention USSR or Nazi Germany again, thank you, I love you,

and goodnight.

Hiding

America's pov:

I decided it would be best if Russia and I pretended to still hate each other in public. Honestly we'd probably just avoid each other in order to prevent future conflicts. I really didn't want to be mean to him anymore. So avoiding him at school seemed like the best option. In my mind it was a good idea. Besides, it's not like people really expect us to be around each other twenty-four/seven. I mean, I suppose people will expect me to be around him some, to tease him and all, but this shouldn't be too abnormal, right?

Wrong.

"Hey America, why weren't you at school for the rest of yesterday?" Canada asked.

"No reason," I replied.

"Okay. I guess..." He seemed a little disappointed, but I didn't care much.

"America senpai, why aren't you picking on Russia as much?" Japan asked as she clung to my arm like a lifeline.

"Not up to it right now," I replied in a dismissing manner.

"Fine..."

I went about my as usual, and when lunch came around I simply told my friends I had to go somewhere for lunch, and met Russia behind the school.

"Hey..." I said as I watched him smoke a really long cigarette. "Y'know smoking kills," I added.

"Whatever," He said in a really cold tone, but I just flinched and nodded. "Sorry, that was harsh..." He added on, and looked over to

me.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I don't know, one second I was fine, the next I'm crying in the bathroom."

"Hmm, I know that feeling, but I don't know the name for it. Mood swings perhaps?"

"Maybe, everyone says I'm really bipolar, so maybe, but I don't know if the people who want me on a sewer stick should be the ones I trust..." Russia sighed at the end of that.

"I mean, I seriously think you're fine dude, these things just happen..."

"Eh, maybe you're right." He said, adding, "So, anyway, how are you?"

"I'm fin- I mean, okay..."

He looked at me skeptically, but then shrugged, "You sure?"

"Yep. Since we've been friends, which has only been a day may I add, I've been actually happy when I'm around you... It's nice."

"Hmm," Was the only reply I got.

"How're things going with Japan?" He changed the subject.

"Ugh... I wish we were just friends." I complained.

He chuckled. "You got yourself into this one, and you'll have to get yourself out."

I simply nodded, and he exhaled from his cigarette.

We talked about various things, and then lunch ended, and we went our separate ways to class. I had Spanish. (I was taking English and Spanish that year, but the school teaches most languages.)

I walked to the Spanish room where I found Mexico, my neighbor. I

sat with him, and he smiled to me. I smiled back.

"Hola amigo!" He said. (Hello friend)

"¡Hola Mexico! ¿Como estas?" I asked. (Hi Mexico! How are you?)

"Bien, bien." (Good, good)

We had to stop talking, because the teacher walked in.

"Hola estudiantes!" She said. (Hello students)

"Hola señiorita." We replied. (Hello Mam)

"OK. Hoy es el veinticinco," She started by saying the date, and then began the class. (OK. Today is the twenty fifth.)

When class ended I left, and Japan ran up to me with a smile on her face.

"Hey Senpai!" She exclaimed, and hugged me tight enough to cut off my oxygen.

"Hey," I replied, trying not to let my true feelings about this show.

"Wanna go on a date today?" She asked and added, "we can even go to McDonalds if you want."

I just nodded, and said, "That sounds great!"

She smiled at me, and walked off. I sighed, and made my way to class.

(Time skip to after school.)

Japan's pov:

I was walking the crowded halls, and I ran into South Korea. She smiled at me, and stated, "Hey best friend! Long time no see!"

I smiled, and replied with, "I know right? Well, I would stay, and invite you over, so we could watch tik toks, and spill some tea, but I

have a date!"

"Oh, well, I'll see you tomorrow then? Oh! Text me when you get home, and we'll talk then!" She replied.

"Definitely!"

I then ran over to America-Senpai as I spotted him. He was talking to Russia for some reason, but Russia saw me, and then left.

"Hey! Why were you talking to the freak?" I asked.

He flinched, but tried to hide that with an awkward smile.

"Never mind that, let's just go to the Mcdonalds by the school, 'kay?" He replied.

I shrugged it off, and said, "Okay Senpai."

We made our way to the Mcdonalds, and I was talking the whole way.

"So, Ukraine told me that her brother is like a total control freak, and bu her brother I mean Russia of course. She told me that he once, when she was in eighth grade, yelled at her for doing homework wrong. I just can't believe such a good person as Ukraine would have to deal with someone as horrible as Russia..."

America's pov:

"Blah blah blah"

That's really all I heard, I could faintly understand through her rambling that she was talking trash about Russia.

"Oh, look we're here!" I said, cutting her off.

We walked into the fast food place, and she ordered a salad while I got a cheeseburger with fries.

Listen, I don't eat much, but when it comes to Mcdonalds I eat as much as possible. I love that shit.

Japan, and I found a seat as soon as we got our food.

"Why do you always order a salad when we go here?" I asked her.

"Because the food's bad for you, honestly, studies show that the salads are pretty bad too."

That was a first, Japan never quoted scientific research.

"Hmm," Is all I replied with.

She talked for what seemed like hours, and then we left, and I walked her home, then walked home myself.

I sighed, another stupid day with Japan, but at least I have Russia with me now. That's nice.

Japan's pov:

When I got home I quickly ran to my room, and I texted my girlfriend.

Yeah, I'm bisexual, and South's my girl. But no one knows that.

Hey babe

Hey

How was ur date?

Was good

wish it was with u tho

me too

I just wish you'd break up with America

u told me you only like him as a friend anyway!

I know, but I don't wanna hurt his feelings.

He may not seem that way, but he's very fragile.

hmm

sorry, my bro's calling me. I gotta go.

ok

luv u

luv u 2

I sighed, and turned off my phone. I really needed to tell America, but I just couldn't. I know we had grown more distant over the years, but I had a feeling he still liked me.

1114 words

Hi everyone, nice to know you're still here after that A/N. Thanks for still being here, I was scared I'd loose a lot of readers cause of that...

WARNING: THE NEXT PART IS BASICALLY JUST MY LIFE, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ, ALSO THERE IS POTENTIALLY TRIGGERING MENTIONS IN IT.

I just went to Burger King with my therapist today, and she's just the worst okay! She jumps to all these conclusions, and doesn't even fucking listen to me. I also cut myself, and she told me it was because of testing even after I denied that multiple times. She also threatened to send me back to a mental hospital, and I just told her that I didn't care much except for the fact that testing's right around the corner, and I can't miss it. She just says, "Then don't hurt yourself anymore" And I'm just over there in the booth with my very uncomfortable brother saying, "No, you don't understand I can't go there right now, hurting myself or not, I can't fucking retake sixth grade." She never fucking listens to me, and I know she doesn't actually care, she just wants to be payed. Ugh, help me.

PERSONAL STUFF OVER

Love you all, and I hope you're having a much better day than I am! Love you!

This Chapter's All Over the Place

America:

I woke up in a forest, and all the trees were black for some strange reason. One of them was much larger than the others, it looked... wrong. At least it did when it came to the trees behind it it just looked out of place with the scenery.

I looked around to find a very tall boy with a bloody knife waking towards me. My eyes widened. It was Russia. I was confused at this point. Very, very confused.

Then I noticed his eyes were pitch black, like Tom from Eddsworld.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"You don't recognize your own husband?" The black eyed boy asked.

"Wha-"

Then he lunged at me with the knife.

I woke up. It was strange though, normally I have nightmares, but that, I don't really think that was one. I didn't wake up screaming, just confused.

Very confused.

I heard yelling from down stairs, and it sounded like Canada. I quickly got dressed, and ran down stairs to the living room. Luckily it was just Canada, and Australia watching sports, and being angry.

"Hey guys," I said, making my being there noticeable.

They looked over to me, and then looked back to the television.

That was weird. I thought.

Then I noticed Kiwi wasn't up yet. I ran to his room upstairs, and opened his door to find my youngest brother sleeping. I walked over to his bed, and shook him slightly while saying, "Hey Kiwi, time to get up."

He just responded with incoherent mumbles until I shook him more and he yelled, "Meat Pie!" Then he looked around, and I smiled to him.

"Time to get up, bro." He looked at me, and sighed, before pulling his covers off of himself, and swinging his legs off of the bed, so they were dangling.

Kiwi was pretty young, young enough that he was in elementary school, still.

He jumped off of the bed, and walked to his dresser, pulling out a blue shirt, and blue jeans.

He motioned for me to leave the room, probably so he could get dressed, so I did.

I left his room, and went to my own, grabbing my backpack, and shoving last night's homework into it. I picked it up when I was done with that, and put on shoes. It was only then that I realized I didn't brush my teeth when I woke up, so I did that.

I then told my brothers that they should start getting ready for school as I walked out into the hall with my backpack on my shoulder.

After about five minutes of waiting at the door for them I was greeted by all of my brothers, and we made our way to school. Well, I walked to school as always, and Canada drove to school, dropping Kiwi off at his school on the way. He also takes Australia to our school with him.

Canada is my big brother. Australia is a freshman, I'm a senior, and

so is Canada, he had a late birthday.

I sighed, and looked around as I took my usual route to school. the walk wasn't cold nor hot, mostly just cool.

I looked down to stare at my shoes. They were black and white converse. I watched each step. People used to ask me why I always looked at my feet when I walked, the answer always being, "Because my feet are more interesting than this conversation." Then there would be laughing, and whoever I was talking to would be angry.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard someone yell, "Hey kid!"

I looked up, and My math teacher was in his car with the window rolled down, and he was looking at me.

"Um, hi...?" I said, though it was more of a question than a statement.

"Have you seen End Game yet?"

"No."

"Good, if you had I'd have to tell you not to spoil it for anyone while you're in my class. I listen to all of your conversations, y'know," He sounded relieved.

"Okay," I said, and kept walking.

He drove off towards the school.

Man, that was weird, I've never had anyone other than my dad and Canada, not to mention a teacher, pull over in front of me. I thought.

When I made it to the school building I found Japan talking to her best friend, South Korea.

"Hey girls, how's life?" I asked in a very fake, but realistic happy tone.

"Oh we're doing good, how are you America Senpai?"

"I'm good," I lied.

We walked into the building, and made our way to our lockers. I put in the combination, and opened it, only to grab the stuff I needed for my first two periods, and slam the door shut. I then made my way to homeroom.

The teacher stood in front of us, and looked over the few people in the classroom.

I don't know how I always managed to make it to school early when I walk three miles, and leave at the same time my brothers do (granted Canada still has to drop off Kiwi, but still). Soon everyone had entered the classroom. The teacher told us we had a free day, I had just remembered, it was Friday, and y'know, "free day Friday"...

Wait... If it's Friday that means that the party it today. Fuck. I thought.

I snapped out of it when I heard a "ding" come from my pocket. That was the sound my phone made when I got a text, so I grabbed it, and looked at the screen.

You ready for the party?

It read.

Yeah.

Well, too bad, because South,
and I decided we'd hang after
school

Oh, ok, that's fine too

Cool, see you at lunch!

k

I sighed, at least I didn't have to go to that fucking party.

The bell rang, and I left the classroom, walking to my first class.

Time skip to lunch

I sat with Japan at lunch, and since it was Friday, I drank a soda instead of eating air.

"Meri?" Canada asked.

"Yeah?" I replied.

"What're you doing after school?"

"Probably going to my special place."

Japan chimed in with, "How come we can never join you there Meri?"

"Well, it's my place, I have to go there alone, because sometimes I want to have time just for me, y'know?" I answered.

"Yeah, ok," She replied, she sounded disappointed.

I stayed silent for the rest of the lunch period, and listened to my friend's conversations. It's more fun than it sounds.

Time skip to after school.

I had asked Russia if he'd like to go to my special place after school again. He simply nodded, and we parted, because we had to keep away from each other in public.

He met me behind the school, and smiled at me.

"How are you?" He asked.

"I'm okay, you?" I replied.

"I'm okay."

"Good."

I lead him back into the little patch of grass that was my special

place, and we sat down on the carpet of green together.

"I was s'posed to go to some party today, but Japan changed the plans so now I'm here..." I broke the silence.

"Heh, does Japan control your life?" Russia asked.

"Basically."

"Hmm, that sucks."

"Yeah, she shows no mercy either, and she talks about how much you're an asshole all the time, it's starting to get annoying." I ranted.

He smiled, "So you admit, I'm not a jerk anymore?"

"Well, yeah. Are friends s'posed to hate each other?"

"You have a point there."

We laughed.

I pulled out my computer, and played the song I always play when I come here, and then we just talked, it was really nice.

He's really nice.

Wait, what?

1216 words.

Okay, as the title says, this is all over the place, and it sucks, but since I've somehow gotten somewhat popular in this fandom I wanted to get something out for all of you. Anyway, this chapter is more of a filler, because it does nothing to further the plot. Now that people actually want to read my stuff I think my writing's gotten worse, because I'm more pressured to write. I'm not saying, "Stop reading!" Actually please don't, Y'all are one of my reasons to live right now, and I don't know what I'd do without you. But just know, my writing sucks, I'm 12, and you shouldn't expect very nice things from me.

I love you all, and I hope you're having a good night, day, or whenever you're reading this! Love you!

Sad Things Happen

Russia's pov:

I was in my room, it was still Friday, and a special someone just had to be screaming at me through my door.

"YOU SUCK, I'M ASHAMED TO CALL YOU MY BROTHER! YOU BETTER COME OUT HERE BEFORE I KICK THE FUCKING DOOR DOWN, RUSSIA!" Ukraine yelled.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY!" I yelled back at her.

I heard a few thumps, but eventually they stopped, and there was a silence.

Then there was a small knock on my door. I sighed. I opened the door, but instead of seeing my bitch of a sister, I saw my other little sister. Belarus.

Shit, I must've scarred her! I thought.

"Hey big bro," She said with a small smile.

"Are you okay Bel. I'm sorry for the yelling," I rambled.

She laughed a little, and hugged me.

"It's fine, big bro, was it you who was banging on your door and threatening you? I doubt it." She replied matter-of-factly, but cheerfully at the same time.

"I guess you're right," I laughed.

Then there was a ding, that signaled I had a text message.

Hey, Russia, wanna meet me
at the park? I know it's late, but
I figured there's not much else

to do today.

Yeah sure, the park by the 7-11 right?

yeah, see you there.

Wait, can I bring my little sister?"

Sure!

I smiled at Bel, and said, "Let's go to the park."

"Anything to get out of this house," She replied with a smile.

We walked to the front door, where I assume Ukraine had exited the place a few minutes ago. We left the house, and began walking to the park. We talked about all kinds of things on the walk there. It was nice, because Bel and I hadn't had time to talk in a while.

Once we made it there America was already at the park, on a bench, and a kid who seemed about seven years old was with him.

Bel suddenly ran over to the smaller boy in front of us.

"Kiwi!" She yelled with a smile on her face.

They hugged, and I asked, "You two know each other?"

"Yep," They said at the same time.

I sat down with America.

"Wanna go to the swings? There's four," He asked.

I nodded, and we walked over to the swings.

I sat down next to the other teen.

"Whoever can get highest wins?" I asked with a smirk on my face.

"You're on!"

We were swinging while Kiwi, and Bel were talking, most likely about how their brothers are dorks.

I eventually stopped, and let America win the race.

"Yay, I did it, I saved the world!" He then said, "And then the world fu-ricking explodes."

"Oooooh, you almost cussed!" I said while I pretended I was five.

"Don't tell the teacher!" He pleaded in a fake whiny voice.

We then looked at each other, and burst out laughing.

Our siblings looked at us with confusion.

"Russia, you- you laughed. You never genuinely laugh," Bel said, she seemed awestruck.

"And Meri, you always say you're too cool to laugh, and when you do it's faker than fake!" Kiwi exclaimed.

America, and I looked at each other, and then looked back to our little siblings.

"Well, I've never had a reason to Bel," I said, looking at my little sister from the swing set.

"Me either," America stated.

We looked at each other again.

"So I assume, you're like destined to be best friends?" Bel asked.

"I suppose we are Bel. I suppose we are," America replied, still looking at me.

We hung out at the park some more, until America's dad texted that he had to get home. I also took Bel home, and Ukraine was no where to be seen.

America's pov:

"We're home!" I yelled to my family.

Dad yelled that I needed to come over to where they were, or to shorten it, the living room. So I held Kiwi's hand, and walked him into the living room.

"Dad?" I asked when I saw my father's clear grief as he looked at me.

"Son," He replied with a cold voice.

Don't get me wrong I hated my dad, but I still loved him. He was family.

"What's wrong?" Kiwi asked with a scared expression.

Dad sighed and said, "Your birth mother is dying son." he was looking at me, not Kiwi and I, just me.

"You don't mean-" He cut me off with, "Yes."

"She's in the hospital?" I asked.

"Yes."

You may be a little confused here. My birth mother's name is Native America. When dad was younger he had been cheating on France, and dating my mother. One thing lead to another, and now I'm here. As I got older my mother got sicker, and sicker. Now, she's dying, and it's all my fault.

The reason I say it's my fault this all happened is that mom we only getting sick after I was born. I think the birth affected her or something.

"Can we go see her?" I asked with sorrow in my voice.

"Sure son, but visiting hours are probably over now, we should go in the morning," He replied.

Kiwi was quiet. He never met my mom, but he always said he wanted to.

"Can I come dad?" He asked with a sad voice.

"Okay," Is all dad said, and then we were sent to bed.

Sad stuff starts here (cutting)

I started crying.

When I'm doing good something always has to come up that makes me feel like shit again, is that it?! Is this how I'm meant to feel?! Thanks universe, or whoever gave me the power of being able to ignore all the good things in my life, and only think about the bad ones. I'm so grateful! I yelled inside my head, and hit myself while doing so.

"Life just has to treat me like shit, doesn't it?" I said to myself, drying my tears.

At least dad wasn't an asshole for once. That's a bright side right.

Well, I feel like I deserve a beating now, so I'll give one to myself.

I pulled out a box from under my bed, and opened it. It had multiple razors in it. I sighed, and rolled up my sleeves revealing many, many scars, they could trace back to when I was twelve years old.

I moved my hand up to my wrist with the razor in my hand, and pressed it lightly against my skin before quickly slicing, and creating a new cut. Then I did the same to the other arm. I repeated this about five times for each arm.

I've heard the people usually insult themselves when they cut, but I just sing a song in my head, not a very sad one either. I usually just think of that song while I do it, and it goes smoothly. No crying, no laughing, just a blank expression and a razor against skin.

When I stopped I smiled, and walked to the bathroom connected to my room. I wiped the blood off of my cuts. I then covered some gauze with the stuff you use to clean cuts, and pressed them to the new ones. I winced in pain, it hurt more than cutting did, but I couldn't get infected. When all of the cuts were clean I wrapped my arms in bandages, and changed into my night clothes like nothing

happened.

I hid the box again, and lied on my bed. I fell asleep soon after.

1230 words

Okay, if you're Native American I don't mean to insult you by saying your culture's dead, this is purely for the plot of this book.

Now that that's clear...

-

-

167 reads?!

This is the most I've ever gotten on a story in this amount of time! You're all amazing, and I love you! The writing schedule does not exist, so I'll be posting when I'm ready to. But I'm hoping you all will still read.

Hope you're having an amazing day, night, or whenever you're reading this! Love you!

Hospital Trip

WARNING: This chapter involves character death. If you're not comfortable with this, please skip this chapter, thank you.

We were in the car, and it was still dark out, but the hospital was far, so we had to leave early.

Kiwi was passed out in the back seat. I sat next to him, because there's no way in hell I'd just sit with my dad, even at a time like this. We were silent, and i was happy it was that way. Well, I can't honestly say I was happy through this, there's no way I was happy. I just mean it was something I couldn't complain about.

I pulled out my phone, and went onto tik tok, shoving in my air pods as well. Yeah, I had air pods. I was rich! What do you expect? I checked my messages and found out that for some reason Japan had the need to text me seven times.

America?

Answer me!

Plz?!

OMG

America!

I'm worried sick.

I'm at ur house, where are you?!

I'm in the car, heading to the hospital Japan

What happened?

My biological mom is dying,
now leave me alone.

I exited that tab, and hoped she wouldn't text me anymore. I mean she did, but I hoped. I silenced my phone, and turned it off, taking out my air pods with a sigh.

I couldn't believe this, I mean I knew it was going to happen some day, everyone dies, but I just felt like it was all me fault. I never understood why all these things had to happen in my life. I mean, I knew other counties parents died too, and most of them were much closer to their parents than I am to mom. I knew that, but that didn't stop my pity from creeping up on me.

After an eternity of time we made it to the place where my mother was to die. I looked down as I walked. No one would see my ugly face when I was that close to loosing my mask that covers my emotions.

We walked into the waiting room, and my father asked receptionist where my mother was.

"Room 246, on the left on the second floor," She replied after reviewing some paperwork.

I followed my dad into the elevator, and he hit the button for floor two. We were silent. There was nothing to say that we weren't already thinking.

We got out of the elevator, and went to room two-forty-six. When I opened that door I found my mother, she looked like she was happy, but she didn't look good physically speaking. (Not saying she as ugly, I mean she didn't look like herself.)

Her eyes widened when she saw me, and she smiled wide.

"America!" She yelled with surprise.

"M-mommy," I stuttered, starting to tear up I ran over to her, and hugged her as tight as I could without hurting her.

"Oh, how I've missed you my son!" She exclaimed, before looking at

Kiwi and asking, "And who might this be?"

"That's Kiwi, he's my youngest brother, and he's always wanted to meet you," I explained.

Kiwi walked up to her, I could tell he was nervous, but he smiled and said, "Hi!"

"Hello, America has told me lots about you," Mom said, still wearing a smile.

Kiwi smiled back.

Mom then looked at dad, and suddenly had a serious face on, "Britain, I would say it's nice to see you, but I'd be lying."

I gulped, and pulled Kiwi closer to me.

"Mom, can we not argue?" I asked. Her faced softened, and she nodded.

We talked until Kiwi fell asleep. It was nice.

I then asked something hard for me to ask, but did it anyway.

"Mom, how much longer?" Tears began to fill my eyes again.

She still smiled though.

"Until tomorrow the doctors say," I gasped, but she just said, "Shh, son my life was not splendid, but it was a life, and it wasn't as bad as it could have been. I'll pass knowing I gave birth to the most wonderful son I could ever ask for. Trust me, my son, I'll love you forever. Don't ever forget that. Okay?"

"I l-love you m-mom!" I replied with tears still gushing down my face.

She had tears pricking her eyes, but I was crying so hard it must have looked like water falls were coming out of my eyes.

Then the worst thing the could have possibly happened happened.

The heart monitor got slower, and slower, until it went flat.

I gasped, and my dad quickly ran to press the button that alerts the doctors when something's wrong.

I held my mother's hand, and cried.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO!" I yelled.

The doctors came in with a defibrillator, and told me to stand back. I did as they said. They shocked her three times, but there was no response. She was gone.

I cried, man did I cry.

I was crying when I got into the car, and Kiwi, was somehow still asleep after all of that. It was for the best.

I cried so hard I fell asleep myself.

Safe to say, it was the worst of may bed days, It was the worst day I'd ever experienced, and hopefully I wouldn't see it happen ever again.

846 words.

Guys, I'm already at 300 words! *Fangirl screech* I love you all so much, and I hope to see you in the next chapter!

This chapter had not RusAme in it, I know, but it's just here to further the plot.

I just want to say that I'm so, so grateful for all of the support I've been getting. It's crazy I wasn't even sure this would get 10 views, not to mention 311!

The next part is just my personal life, so you're welcome to skip.
So I had a really bad day today. I couldn't sit with my gf at lunch, my lunch was disgusting, but worst of all, I had to watch this thing called, "Cyber Bully" which involves a girl attempting suicide, and I was about to cry, because I had been through all that pain

before. My health teacher thought it was just okay to let the past suicidal kid, who he most likely knew was suicidal in her past watch that. But, lemme tell you, all of this support, has been helping me a lot, and it made my day. When I saw that, I felt so much better about all the school stuff. Thank you! You all truly are one of my main reasons to live right now.

I love you all, and I hope you're having an amazing day, night, or whenever you're reading this!

Russia = Therapist

America's pov:

I woke up in the morning on my bed. My face was tear stained, and I felt like shit. I wanted to cry again, but the tears just wouldn't come out. Instead I decided I'd just bury my face into my pillow, and sleep some more.

I couldn't sleep though, it was strange, usually when I was sad I could sleep just fine. I laughed, a dry laugh. Soon I was laughing loudly, and I couldn't stop.

This had happened before, and so I just covered my mouth, and laughed into a pillow.

I picked up my phone to see I had forty-two messages from Japan, three from Russia, and one from Canada.

I decided I wouldn't read the ones Japan sent me, and I'd just call her.

I dialed her number, and she picked up almost exactly when I called.

"America! Are you okay?" She actually sounded worried, and not the annoying kind of worried that was mostly just her being super clingy.

"No," I decided I wouldn't lie for once.

"Understandable, we don't have to talk now if you don't want, but when you feel a little better you can text me, and we'll do something together, alright?"

"Okay, thanks Japan."

"No problem."

I hung up after that, and lied down on my bed. I then picked up my phone again, remembering I had texts from Russia, and he didn't know what was going on.

You wanna go tho the park?

America?

You could have just said no.

I panicked, and called him as fast as I could.

"Hey America," He said, he sounded sad.

"Russia, I-"

"I don't want your excuses Meri, just leave me alone."

"Please, listen to me!"

"No, your silence said enough. Your probably just calling me because someone told you to. You don't care about me, you just-"

"My mom died."

"What?!"

"Yesterday, my biological mom died, in a hospital bed, right in front of my eyes. Before she died, I was with her, because I knew she was going to die some time soon. I was just talking with her, and then she said 'I'll love you forever, don't ever forget that okay?' She was smiling, she told me before that though she didn't have the best life, she had a good life. Then she-" I had been crying at this point, "she-she" I sobbed, and he sighed.

"I know how that feels," he said, adding, "I know how it feels to loose someone you love. My mother died giving birth to me, and my father died when I was in sixth grade. I had to go to a foster home, and live with tons of other kids without parents. When I turned sixteen I moved out, and got my sisters to go with me. I got a small house with the money in my dad's trust fund he gave to me."

"I'm lucky then," I said.

"What?"

"My mother, and my father hated each other, so dad took the kids when mom got sick. I still saw her every few weeks, and we were close. She was never the person to but my meals, or provide me shelter, so for that I'm lucky."

"I call bullshit"

"What?"

"You still loved her, did you not? So, no, you're not lucky, no one in this situation is. Just because some people have it worse doesn't make your experiences any less valid."

"What are you, my therapist?"

"Only if you want me to be."

I smiled, and I thought I'd never smile again after what happened.

"Can I meet you at the park?" I asked.

"Sure."

He hung up, and I put on clothes, and shoes.

I quickly told my family I'd be out, and I left the house.

I went to the park, and found Russia and... Japan?! Japan was yelling at Russia, and Russia was reading something on his phone like nothing was happening.

"Um, hi?" I said, though it was more of a question than a comment.

"America? Were you going to hang out with this... thing?!" Japan yelled.

"What if I was?" I asked calmly.

"If you were than you can say bye to our relationship, because I'm

cheating on you anyway!" Japan yelled.

"Cool, and I'm gay, you just did both of us a favor."

"Ugh!" She then speed walked off.

I sat down with Russia in silence.

"Heh, have I told you how amazing you are?" He asked.

My face heated up for some reason.

"No, why?"

"Oh, no reason, just thought I should mention it."

He scrolled down to read more of what he was reading.

"What are you readin'?" I asked.

He simply replied with, "A fan-fiction."

My eyes widened, "You read it too?!"

He looked at me, "Yep."

"Yay!" I said, and hugged him, but quickly pulled away when I saw what I was doing.

"Swings?" I asked.

"Sure."

761 words.

Okay, this is honestly, just... Guys I hit 400 reads! In one day I went from having 300 to 400! I love you, you have no idea how much I love you guys!

Today was bad, but you all made it good. Thank you!

I love you all, and I hope you're having a good day, night, or whenever you're reading this!

They Know

WARNING: this chapter contains child abuse, and mentions of cutting. It also has the 'f' word, and no, not fuck.

Russia pov:

I walked into the school on Monday. Everyone had their eyes on me, but that was normal for this school, so I just walked to my locker, and grabbed my stuff. What surprised me was when America walked into the school building. Everyone started whispering, and looking at him, pointing at him. He just looked down, and sighed visibly.

He walked over to me, everyone was still silent. He looked up, and hugged me, before screaming, "THIS IS MY BEST, AND NOW ONLY FRIEND! IF YOU GOT A PROBLEM KEEP YOUR FUCKING MOUTH SHUT, AND SUFFER THROUGH IT!"

"America what-?" I couldn't finish my sentence.

"They know, Japan told them, everyone hates me now, so there's no use in hiding that we're friends," He told me, I saw a tear fall down his face.

Man he's been through so much these past few days, he doesn't deserve this! He just lost his mom, he doesn't need to loose all but one of his friends!

I sighed, and hugged him back, seeing as how he never really stopped hugging me.

"It'll be okay America,"

He pulled away, smiled, and said, "No, no it won't," and then he walked off.

I smiled, a sad smile and walked off to homeroom.

Time skip to lunch.

America, and I sat together, and no one else sat at our table.

Everyone was talking about us, but one thing made my eye twitch in anger.

"Omg, they're such f*gs!" Some basic bitch said.

She was sitting really close to us though.

I stood up suddenly, scaring everyone, even America flinched.

I quickly said, "Excuse me bitch?!" and looked at her friend group.

"U-um, I di-didn't say a-nything, s-sorry," She stuttered.

"That's what I fucking thought."

I sat down, and America thanked me. I smiled.

"You really don't have to be so aggressive towards everyone though," I stated.

"Hey, she needed to learn her lesson."

"Okay, true, but still."

"You know I'd never hurt you though, right?" I asked.

"Of course. I only flinched when you stood up, because you got up so fast, that's all."

"Good, because I never would," I said.

He laughed, and I blushed a little.

That laugh, he has the best laugh. It's so beautiful, I wanna make him laugh all the time. I wanna make him smile, and laugh, and feel good! I wanna make him happy, I wanna make him not wanna hurt himself. I just want him happy.

Wait is this how friends think of each other, or do I have a crush on

him? I've never had a crush before, fuck, this is confusing...

"Russia!" I was snapped out of my thoughts by America saying that.

"I just wanted to ask why you called me 'Meri' over the phone yesterday..." He wondered aloud.

"It just slipped out, that's all..." I replied.

"Oh, okay, I just wanted to know," he smiled as he said that.

I smiled too.

The bell rang, and we threw out our barely eaten lunches, before making our ways to our next class.

time skip to after school

We parted ways because we had to pick up our little siblings from school.

America's pov:

I was really hoping dad didn't hear about me hanging out with Russia at school, but then I realized that Canada hates me too now, so there's no reason he wouldn't tell.

I walked home with Kiwi holding my hand, and dad was in the living room, looking like he always did when he was about to smack the shit out of me.

"Kiwi,go to your room." Dad said.

I stood in front of my father, and sighed.

"So, I assume you've heard."

"Yes, I have."

"Well...?"

"Well, what!? You hang out with all of your friends, and then suddenly you're hanging out with Russia! Then you're friends dump

you, and so does your girlfriend! And I don't blame them! Then Canada also tells me you're gay! What kind of son did I raise?!" He scolded me.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No!"

He stood up, and first punched me in the eye. There was going to be a mark there. He hit me in the stomach next, causing me to clutch my stomach, and fall down. He laughed, and kicked me multiple times. He was laughing while he did it.

"Your mother would hate you for this!" He said.

Wow dad, low blow. That came way too soon.

I began to cry, and dad only kept going. When he finally stopped I stood up, dad had already left the room. It hurt to stand, man did it hurt.

There was one thing I was sure of though, my razor would be of use tonight.

737 words

Okay, I made two chapters in two days! Yeet! (okay that was cringy af, sorry)

Okay, so wattpad's doing this weird thing for me that I can't see the new rusame stories, only the 'hot' ones, and they're the 'hot' ones from when I started being into country humans, not the new 'hot' stories, so... anyone know how to fix this? (And yes, I tried turning it on, and off again.)

I love you all so much, thank you for reading, and I hope you have an amazing day, night, or whenever you're reading this! Love you!

More Sad Stuff Happens

America's Pov:

The next few weeks had been horrible, but at least I didn't have to hide that I hang out with Russia.

I sighed, Russia, I came to the conclusion That I liked him, a lot. I couldn't tell him though, because then he'd probably reject me because who in the hell wants to date a sorry excuse for a country like me? Then he'd stop being my friend, and then I'd have no friends. It's as simple as that.

I was walking down the stairwell to get to the cafeteria when someone tripped me. I just sighed and got up. This was normal now because I'm not intimidating, but Russia is, and everyone hates Russia, and now they hate me too, so now they can bully me, because before they couldn't bully Russia... Make sense? No? Okay...

Russia doesn't know how many people have been assholes to me over the past few weeks, but that's fine, I don't want him killing anyone. That would be bad.

I walked over to the doors of the lunchroom, and watched everyone point, and laugh at me. I rolled my eyes and made my way to the table Russia and I share.

"Hey," I said with a small smile on my face.

"'Sup," He replied, but he looked like he was in deep thought.

"You good?" I asked.

He just laughed and nodded.

"Yeah, just fine, don't worry about me. The real question is, how are you doing?"

I sighed before lying with, "I'm doing just fine."

"I hope so," I heard him mumble.

Suddenly all eyes moved to look at a girl who had stood up on the tables he was sitting at. I was a little worried that she'd be insulting Russia and I.

Instead, she said this, "Okay, I'm tired of everyone insulting certain countries only because they are those countries! Knock it off already!" She yelled.

As I looked closer I was surprised to see South Korea. I mean, she and I were friends. We never talked much though, and she never really liked Russia all that much, so why was she so passionate about this? Not to mention she was the person Japan cheated on me with.

She walked over to us and smiled. She then sat down with us, and stated, "I hope it's okay if I sit here."

I looked at Russia, he seemed skeptical, but he nodded none the less.

That day South told us about some things with Japan, and we told her some things about us. We didn't tell her much though, because we didn't want to find out she was lying when she said she'd be friends with us, and then tell the whole school out secrets. It was unlikely, but it could happen.

Before I walked home she asked me, only me may I add, to come to her house after school. I reluctantly agreed and followed her home after texting my dad that I'd be out.

Good.

That was the response I got from my so-called father.

I followed South to her house, but when she opened her door she yelled, "He's here!"

I blinked and suddenly all of my ex-friends including Canada

jumped out at me. My eyes widened, and I heard someone laugh, and someone else (or maybe the same person, I don't know) grabbed me and covered my eyes.

Someone tied a blindfold around my eyes and gagged my mouth to keep it shut.

"Okay, Japan, we've got him," I heard someone say. Then there were footsteps, and a, "Good, heh, we'll have lots of fun slowly killing you."

Next day

Russia's Pov:

I was worried when America wasn't at school at all for the rest of the week. He could have been sick, yeah, but he didn't seem to be uncomfortable the day before.

I decided that after school I'd go to his house, and check on him, just to be safe.

I did, and he wasn't there. I asked Canada where he was, and he just laughed and closed the door on me.

I sighed in defeat. I was betting Canada knew where America was, and he wasn't going to tell me anything, so what was I going to do? Beg him, show him I'm soft on the inside? No, that was only for my best and only friend to see. My best friend was gone, and I had to find out where, or die trying.

716 words.

Oh, my gods! You guys (and gals (and non-binary pals)) are the best! 700+ views?! How?! Y'all have no idea how much I love you for reading this and continuing to read it!

Anyway, I love you all, and I hope you're having an amazing day, night, or whenever you're reading this! Love you!

A/N

I think I'll be taking a small break from this book, I'm just not really in the mood to write anymore, and I'm testing, so... Yeah. I'm sorry, I still love you, never forget that!

Until next time, I love you all and I hope you're having an amazing, day, night or whenever you're reading this.

A/N

Okay, I'm discontinuing this... I just... I don't know where to go from here, and I'm having severe writer's block, so sorry to all the people who really loved this, but I just can't do this anymore. I do still love you though, and I hope you'll continue to read if I make a new story on this ship. Love you!